SECOND ABTICLE. Mr. Longfellow's literary career may be said to have begun at the age of 13, when some verses of his were printed in a Portland sawspaper. His biographer has the good sense to recognize that these in no way tranended the average merit of juvenile produc tion, nor is there any marked improvement in the poems published at intervals in the next six years, though five of these were though thy by their author to be included in his first volume of lyrics. "The Voices of the Night" So far as any charm may be discerned in his work at this epoch, it is manifestly an the of Bryant's, and it is no less true that the best of the poems published in the first years after his return from a prolonged sojourn in Europe were translations and imitations. Neither was there anything as yet decidedly distinctive in his prose style, the Sketch Book of Irving being manifestly kept constantly in view during the composition of "Outre Mor."

It was in connection with Outre Mer that Mr. Longfellow made the first public defence of himself against the charge of plagiarism, his only other demonstration of the kind being his l-known answer to Poet. It cannot be denied that on both occasions, his position was one of ion and avoldance. In the first instance he had been charged with borrowing the story of the "Monk of St. Anthony" fre Colman's "Knight and Friar." Mr. Longfellow replied that the tale was an ancient one, and refessedly taken from a manuscript of the Middle Ages, being in fact found in a collection of Publicaux, as well as in several other forms. He admitted, moreover, that Mr. Colman and himself had evidently drawn the incidents recounted from the same source. Twelve years afterward, when Poe charged him with baving passed off a ballad of Motherwell, "The Bonny George Campbell," with slight changes. as his own, when it was ireally a translation from the German, Longfellow explained the soincidence by showing that he had found the ballad in a German collection, with no indication of its being a translation (which, in fact, i was), and had but it into English without any idea of its origin. Of course no one who knew him entertained any doubt of Mr. Longfellow's good faith, but it did not escape notice that these apologies involved an admission that whatever might be the poet's familiarity with with English literature than his critics.

The truth unquestionably is that Longfellow's talent, so far as it evinces a characteristic and native quality, ripened late; that i needed a rich soil and careful culture, and that Its products would have been notably deficien in form as well as substance had he died as young as Shelley. Byron, or Keats. first thirty years of his life were mainly given to patient acquisition and asimilation, though when the flowering time came, there was, in truth, no lack of delicate and fragrant blossoms. His intellectual history had nothing in common with that of Bryant, whose genius struck root betimes in his native soil, and whose earlier masterpiece was never equalled by the fruitage of his prime We may here mention that during a stay at Heidelberg in 1835 Longfellow made Bryant's acquaintance, but their intercourse, while cordial, was brief, and they seldom met afterward though an occasional letter passed between

We learn from a letter printed in this book that although Hawthorns and Longfellow were classmates at Bowdoin College they were no well acquainted there, and the warm friendship which afterward united them did not be-gia until 1837, when the poet received a presentation copy of "Twice Told Tales," and hastened to express his admiration of it in the North American Review. Of N. P. Willis Longfellow seems to have had some persona former in these nine hundred pages are rather depreciatory so far as they have any significance at all. One might have thought that Longfellow would have found Willia more congenial, for in each there was a dash of dandyism, and a proneness to somewhat exerated reverence for what is called society His blographer recalls a fact to which there are other surviving witnesses, namely, that when Mr. Longfellow first went to live in Cambridge as Professor of Belles Lettres, he was not exempt from social criticism in the matter of dress, being observed to have a fondness for bright, not to say loud colors, in conts, waistoats, and neckties. Mrs. Craigie, at whose house he boarded, thought he had somewhat too gay a look, and his friend, Sam Ward seems to intend a sly hit at some weakness in you an Endymion waistcoat, better suited to by Sam Ward at this epoch on the score of ficiency in soberness is likely to have startled the staid burgesses of Boston.

Few of the letters here collected are more interesting and illumining than those which passed between the post and Hawthorne, When the correspondence begins, it is evident that Hawthorne is profoundly despondent. "As to my literary efforts," he says. "I do not think much of them; neither is it worth while to be ashamed of them. They would have been better, I trust, if written under more favorable cirsumstances. If my writings had made any deelded impression, I should probably have been stimulated to greater exertions. But there has been no warmth of approbation, so that I have always written with benumbed fingers. I have another great difficulty in the lack of materials, for I have seen so little of the worll that I have nothing but thin air to concect my stories fof; and it is no easy to give a life-like semblance to such shadowy stuff." A letter written two weeks later pletures the ecstasy with which the hith erto unappreciated writer read the enthusiastic praise bestowed on "Twice Told Tales" by Longfellow, in the North American Review. "Whether or no." he says, "the public wil agree with the praise which you bestowed on there are at least five persons who think you the most sagacious critic on earth, viz., my mother and two sisters, my old maiden aunt and finally-the sturdlest believer of the whole-my own self. If I doubt the sincerity of any of my critics, it shall be those who consure me. Hard would be the lot of the poor

scribbler if he may not have this privilege.

It was in an upper chamber of the Craigie house, familiar to all Harvard undergraduates that all of Longfellow's poems from 1837 to 1845 were written. Among these was the Pealm of Life, which, as we learn. was composed "one bright summer morning, hastily upon the blank portion of a note of invitation. It is hard for us now to understand, the backward state of intellectual production and critielsm in this country, indicated by the impression made by the trite preaching of this poem There were men of mark in the community who professed to find in these verses the inepiration of their lives. Mr. Summer used to recount the story of a classmate who was saved from suicide by reading them. Indeed, ac cording to Gen. Meredith Read, their sentially commonplace ideas carried as much solace and inspiration to the foreign as to the native mind. for It seems that a distinguished French adate told him at a time of grievous trouble : "I have been translating Longfellow's Paalm of Life, and I am a new man; I feel that my mind is saved, and that faith and hope hav taken the place of despair. I owe it all to Longfellow." Even the Psaim was not free from the unlucky coincidences which, during Longfellow's assimilative period, gave him s much trouble. The resemblance of the verse about muffled drums to one in the Bishop o Chichester's poem on the death of his wife, was promptly pointed out. The poet protested that

Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixissent. While Longfellow was writing the "Voices of the Night" Rainh Waldo Emerson was lectur ing. and from this time forward we hear a good deal about the latter in the journals and

the Bishop's thought was not in his mind even

if he had read it, but the incessant detection of

such approximations might have evoked

even from a gentle heart, the ireful impreca-

letters. Apropos of Emerson's lecture on the "Affections." we read in the diary under date of March 8, 1838: "He mistakes his power somewhat, and at times speaks in oracles, darkly. He is vastly more of a poet than a philosopher. He has a brilliant mind, and develops and expands an idea very beautifully, and with abundant similitudes and illustrations. Jeromiah Mason said a sharp thing the Other day when asked whether he could understand Mr. Emerson. His answer was: 'No, I can't; but my daughters can." This, of course. is an old story, but here we have the contem porary record of it. At this epoch Mr. Longfellow cannot be said to have divined the spiritual predminence which was to be the lot of Emerson; but his appreciation of the seer seems on the whole to have kept pace with Emerson is one of the finest lecturers I ever heard, with magnificent passages of true prose poetry. But it is all dreamery after all." Even in January, 1846, he still falls to recognize much of aubstance in Emerson, for we read 'To Emerson's lecture on Goethe. Very good, but not so preëminent as some of his discourses. There is a great charm about himthe Chrysostom and Sir Thomas Browns of the day." Some ten days later he records that Emerson took tes with us, rather shy in his manner, but pleasant and friendly. drove down to hear him lacture on Napoleon. Very good and well spoken. We like Emerson -his beautiful voice, deep thought, and mild melody of language." Another entry in the diary presents a characteristic and inimitable fusion of admiration and crit-"January, 1849, Another of Emerson's wonderful lectures. The subject Inspiration,' the lecture itself an illustration of the theme. Emerson is like a beautiful portico in a lovely scene of nature. We stand expectant, waiting for the High Priest to come forth, and lo, there comes a gentle wind from the portal, swelling and subsiding, and the

plossoms and the vine leaves shake, and far away down the green fields the grasses bend and wave, and we ask when will the High Priest come forth and reveal to us the truth And the disciples say, 'He has already gone forth, and is youder in the meadows.' 'And the truth he was to reveal?' 'It is Nature; nothing That Longfellow and Emerson stand at the opposite poles of American poetry is obvious enough, and we therefore mark with not a little curiosity the one's opinion of the other's work. It will be observed that Longfellow is effusive, but vague, while Emerson, though good-humored, is more thrifty of encomium. Nor should we overlook that Longfellow is writing in his private journal, whereas Emer-son in a letter of thanks to a friend, may have felt constrained to flatter him s "Dec. 26, 1846. Received from Emlittlo. erson a copy of his poems. F. read it to me all the evening and until late at night. It gave us the keenest pleasure, for though many of the pieces present themselves appinx-like, and struggling to get free their hinder parts' they offer a very hold front and challenge your an-Throughout the volume, through the golden mist and sublimation of fancy gleam bright veins of purest poetry like rivers running through meadows. Truly a rare volume, with many exquisite pooms in it, among which should single out 'Monadnoc,' Threnody, The Humble Bee,' as containing much of the quintessence of poetry." Now let us hear what Emerson says in a letter written November, 1855, to thank Longfellow for "the good gift of Hiawatha;" "I have always one foremost satisfaction in reading your books-that I'm sale. I am in variously skilful hands, but first of all they are safe hands. However, I find this Indian poem very wholesome; sweet and wholesome as maize; very proper and pertinent for us to read, and showing a kind of maniy sense of duty in the poet to write. The danpoem is thus indicated: " Nov. 12, 1845. Began gers of the Indians are that they are really savage, have poor, small, sterile heads-no thoughts; and you must deal very roundly with them, and find them in brains. And I blamed your tenderness now and then as I read in accepting a legend or a song when they

eriticised." It was naturally from Emerson that Longfelow, on his second visit to Europe, took a line of introduction to Carlyle. To the slight acquaintance thus arquired we find the fol ing allusion in a letter from the first Mrs. Longfellow, who was then living: "Mr. Carlyle of Craigenputtoch was soon after announced ed a half hour with us, much to our delight. He has very unpolished manners and a broad Scottish seeent, but such flue language and beautiful thoughts that it is truly delightful to listen to him. He invited us to take tea with them at Cheisea, where they now reside. We were as much charmed with Mrs. C. as with her husband. She is a lovely woman, with very simple and pleasing manners; she is also very talented and accomplished, and ho delightful it is to see such modesty combined with such power to please."

had so little to give. I should hold you to you creative functions on such occasions. But the

costume and machinery on the whole is swee

and melancholy, and agrees with the American laudscape. And you have the distinction

of opening your own road. You may well call

it an Indian Edda. My boy finds it like the

story of Thor. I found in the last cantos a pure

gleam or two of blue sky, and learn thence to

One cannot but feel somewhat curious touch-

this epistle by Mr. Longfellow; especially as

about the same date he received a letter from

Proscott, the historian, reminding him of "the

large discount to which criticism must be sub-

cted that is intended for the eye of the person

tax the rest of the poem as too abstemious."

ing the amount of satisfaction derived from

The first allusion to John G. Whittier in the ournal and letters meets us in September, 1844. Very droll it seems to learn that Wnittier had written, not only thanking Longfellow to the poems on slavery which had, it seems, been published as an Abolitionist tract, but also inquiring whether Longfellow would allow his to be used as candidate for Congress upon the ticket of the Liberty party. "Our friends think," so the bard of Amesbury asserted, "ther could throw for thee one thousand nore votes than for any other man." Mr. Longfellow himself was sensible of the absurd in congruity of the suggestion. "It is imposalbie." he wrote, "for me to accept the Congressional nomination you propose, because do not feel myself qualified for the duties of such an office, and because I do not belong to the Liberty party. At all times I shall rejoice in the progress of true liberty, and in freedom from slavery of all kinds : but I cannot for a moment think of entering the political arena. Partisan,warfare becomes too violent, too vindictive for my taste, and I should be found but a weak and unworthy champion in public debate." Beyond a statement in the journal on Dec. 4, 1857—"Met Whittier at the publisher's. He grows milder and mellower as does his poetry"—we can find no indication in those volumes of Longfellow's recognition of Whittier's importance in the guild of which

they both were members.

Lowell, it will be remembered, was Longfollow's successor in his Cambridge professorship. although he was not the candidate whose claims Longfellow had pressed. Close neigh bors as they were at Cambridge, they no doubt saw a good dear of each other, though the refer ences in the journal to Mr. Lowell are few and brief. We note, however, with interest that the final revision of Longfellow's translation of Dante had the advantage of Mr. Loweli's criticism. They two, with Charles Ellot Norton ormed a little Dante club which used to mee every Wednesday at Mr. Longfellow's house There they would read a canto of his transia tion from the proof sheet, and then have a lit

About Tennyson we hear but little in th ournals. The Princess and the Idyls of the King are read as they are published, and M: ongfellow records his satisfaction, which in the case of the former poem is not by any means unmixed, and in that of the latter is discrimnative. He thought "Enid" superior to Guenevers." During his last visit to Europe Longfellow passed a day or two with Tennyson in the Isle of Wight, and, not long before, the latter had written a note expressing the some-

ie supper.

what belated wish-posterior, like most of such tations, to our civil war fraternal manife Englishmen and Americans should all be brothers. Whether there was much intell tual sympathy between the two poets may perhaps be doubted. Tennyson is a scholar, in the strict and high sense of the word; Long. fellow had the wide and varied, though not pro found, acquaintance with the languages and literatures of modern Europe which it is the fashion to call culture. The one had skimmed the surface of more seas, the other had sunk his plummet deeper in the middle ocean. It is also curious to note that Thackeray, though Longfellow saw much of him when he lectured in this country, was plainly less congenial to the poet than Charles Dickens. Some of the latter's letters, here reproduced, contain interesting allusions to the "American Notes" and "Martin Chuszlewit." But to quote these or make any further extracts from the correspondence would carry us too far away from Longfellow himself, whose intellectua development it is the purpose of these volumes

We have already shown that with Longfel-

low the business of education was, in an em-

ditions under which his creative work was

done: we learn the occasions which suggested many of his poems, and we find jotted down on the pages of his diary the germe or of thought. Thus, under of fancy date of March 15, 1838, we come on a simile which the readers of Longfellow will recognize: "I always stop on the bridge; tide waters are beautiful. From the ocean up into the land they go like messengers to ask why the tribute has not been paid. The brooks and rivers answer that there has been little harvest of snow and rain this year." On Oct. 18 of the same year he notes: "This is a glorious autumn day. The coat of arms of the dying year hangs on the forest wall-as the hatchment on the walls of a nobleman's house in England when he dies." We are told that "The Beleaguered City" was suggested to him in this way. In the library one day, in the house of his friend Ward, in New York, he took from the shelf a volume of Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," and opened at one of the notes recalling the tradition about the city of "Similar to this was the Nacht Lager, Prague: or midnight camp, which seemed nightly to beleaguer the walls of Prague, but which dis appeared on the recital of certain magical words." The same note called to his attention the legend of the Luck of Edenhall. In November, 1839, he is meditating a dramatic poem and debating whether he shall make Cotto Mather the protagonist or shall found it on "the old poetic legend of Der Armer Heinrich. The tale is exquisite." What choice he made is known to readers of the Golder Legend. About a month later. Dec. 13, 1839. we encounter the incident which gave rise to one of his most popular bailads: "News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashere near Gloucester. On lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Wos where many of these took place, among others the schooner Hesperus. I must write a ballad upon this." Th history of Excelsior has been published, but it may be worth while to recall whence the posgot the heraldic Latin of the title, which is of course no better than dog Latin. His eye, it seems, had fallen on a scrap of newspaper bearing the seal of the State of New York-s shield with the rising sun, and the motto Excelsior. Mr. Longfellow at first supposed the use of excelsior adverbially to be warranted, but finding himself refuted on this point, endeavored to explain it as part of the imaginary phrase, "Scopus meus excelsior est The inception of another well-remembered

a poem on a clock with the words 'forever never,' as the burden; suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of Etornity. 'C'est une pendule dont le balancier se redit sans cesse ces deux mots seule ment dans le silence des tombeaux-Toujours. jamais! Jamais, toujours! Et pendant ces effroyables récolutions, un réprouvés s'écrie, Quelle houre est il?' et la voix d'un autre mis-érable lui répond. L'Elernité." Four days atterward we find him writing the little lyric which Mrs. Browning preferred above any of his compositions, but which some of us hav hitherto supposed to be a translation from the "Before church wrote the Arrow and the Song which came into my mind as I stood with my back to the fire, and glanced or to the paper with arrowy speed. Literally an improvisation." Twelve days later occurs a memorable entry: "Set about 'Gabrielle,' my idyl in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to lot a day go by without adding something to it if it be but a single line. F. and Sumner ar both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem." He long hesitated about the title, whether to make it Gabrielle or Celestine, or Evangeline. As it is well known. the germ story of a young Acadian maide separated in exile from her betrothed lover. and meeting him at last in a hospital, had been originally proposed to Hawthorne as the subect of a story. The latter seeming to doubt its suitableness for prose fiction, Mr. Longfelow, touched by the story, said, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem." Evangeline, it will be remembered, was praised by English critics on the score of its American quality. This provoked the following comment in the journal, in which it will be noticed the poet instinctively defends his point of view, which is certainly not that of Puritan New England: "Much is said nowa days of a national literature. Does it mean anything? Such a literature is the expression of national character. We have or shall have composite one, embracing French, Spanish Irish, Engilsh, Scotch, and German peculiarities. Whoover has within himself most of thes is our truly national writer. In other words whoever is most universal is also most na tional." Q. E. D. To the post this no doubt may have been a grateful sophism, but it is easily refuted. Who can detect the French, the Spanish, or, for that matter, the German element in the American character? No doubt these elements are all of them sufficiently pai-

pable in Longfellow's works. We may take leave of these delightful vol umes by reproducing some of Longfellow's private experiments in elegiac verse-experiments prompted by the controversy which Evaugeline" excited, touching the feasibility of naturalizing in English the classical quan titative metres. The first of the four ventures is, of course, a paraphrase of Schiller's. Nonof them can be compared with the example produced by Coleridge:

In Hexameter plunges the headlong cataract downward a Pentameter up whirleth the eddying mist

II. n Hexameter rolls sonorous the peal of the organ; n Pentameter soft rises the chant of the choir

111. In Hexameter gallops delighted a beggar on horseback In Pentameter, whack! tumbles he off of his steed. IV.

In Hazameter sings serenely a Harvard Professor;

Book Notes.

Lippincott's Family Atlas of the World is a nest and valiable collection of maps for ordinary use.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers issue a cheap adition of Fra.
Frances Hodgeon Burnett's popular novel, "Theo." The Harpers have reprinted in their Franklin Square library George Augustus Sain's quaint story, Strange Adventures of Capt. Dangerous," first published bout twenty five years ago.
Funk & Wagnalis have usued the third volume of "The

People's Bible." by Joseph Parker, a colonial work, which we have already noticed. The present volume emiraces leviticus and part of Numbers. Rand, McNally & Ca publish "The Natapan Affair." translated from the French of Bolagobey, and "Amelina." another translation, the leading incidents of which are taken from Sardon's drams "Andrea." The Catholic Publication Society have leaded "Easter arole" which forms the around part of a collection of

& Evens, Baltimore), is an excellent manual, clear, con-densed, yet comprehensive, which may be considered a trustworthy guide to the principles and practice of preventive medicine. "Our Sensational Novel," edited by Justin H. McCar-thy, M. # (Harper's Handy Beries), is a clever carody of that class of works of fiction to which it purports to be-low. In mathod is really asset.

ong. In method it recalls some of the most grotseque assages of Victor Hugo; in style occasionally the hu-nors of Thackeray. Anson D. F. Randelph publishes in a tasteful little

volume, entitled "A Characteristic of Modern Life," five essays by the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson," a book which once enjoyed a surprising popularity. In the present publication the writer takes for text Arthur Helps's remark: "The great characteristic life is worry."
nend Mr. Andrew Lang's "Books and Book

men" (G. J. Coombes), a collection of cessays treating of literary forgeries, the curiosities of parish registers, the bookmen of Rome, bibliomania in France, book binding, Elsevira, Japaness Bogie books, and a bookman's purgatory. It is a beautiful and delightful volume, to which two or three of the author's ballads leud an added charm The Chicago Sanitary Publishing Company have lessed a revised edition of "Tokology," by Alice B. Stockham a revised edition of "Tokology," by Alice B. Stockham M. D., which treats of the diseases of women and chi dren, with special reference to the periods immediately preceding and succeeding childbirth. The author main much of the suffering to which women are subjected phatic sense, incessant and life-long, and we may be avoided. The rules she lays down are expresse also gain from the journal glimpees of the con-

with great clearness and directness Under the title of "The Church of Erin," D. & J. Sad-lier have published in a bulky volume, profusely illus-trated, "The Ecclesiastical History of Ireland," by the Rev. Thomas Waish and D. P. Copyngham, and "The Lives of the Irish Saints" and "The Lives of Irish Mar-tyrs," by D. P. Conyngham, These are standard publi-cations, well known to Roman Catholic readers, and cations, well known to Roman Catholic readers, and their appearance in a single volume and a comparatively

inexpensive form will supply a long-felt need.

The most interesting article in the April number of the North American Review is one by the editor, which embodies a fac-simile copy of the original draft of Secretary Seward's letter to the American Minister at the Court of St. James's, in May, 1861, relating to Queen Vic-toria's proclamation recognising the belligerent charac-ter of the Confederate States. The interlineations, erasures, and corrections in President Lincoln's han writing show that he had an extremely level head

Lieut. William B. Jacques, secretary of the Senate Special Committee on Ordinance and War Ships, is the author of a little manual entitled "Torpedoes for National Defence" (G. T. Putnam's Sons), which is a pra efficient types, together with the results obtained at off cial triais, and a description and comparison of the Sims, Whitehead, and Howell torpedoes. In view of the interest now taken in all matters pertaining to coast and harbor defences, this publication is most timely. Volume VI. of the "Dictionary of National Biography (Macmilian & Co.) carries the work as far the title William Browell. The reader must be fairly puzzled to know where the editor discovered so many subjects for biographical notice, and so many writers with the learn ing or patience to record their lives. It is probably the most exhaustive work of its kind ever undertaken, and not its least merit is that it is the only dictionary extant in which can be found any satisfactory record of ob scure or forgotten English worthies. The present vol ume contains biographics of Chariotte Bronte, Lard Brougham, Sir David Brewster, Rajah Brooke, and John Braham, by Leslie stephens and other writers of note.

Miss Susan E. Blow is the author of "A Study o Dante" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), with an introduction by ries "have brought about the resurrection of the body of the poem, but it requires profound thought and subtle posite gifts to bring back its living soul." Whether Miss Blow ass accomplished this may be doubted. Her work is mystical and transcendental, and rather obscures the reader's mind than enlightens it. After all, is Dante so hard to understand that a special metaphysical study of his meaning is necessary?

In the course of a pretty active life, more than half of

which has been passed in Washington, Mr. Charles Lanman has met many notable men, and his reminis-cences of the habits and conversation of some of them are recorded in a volume entitled "Haphazard Personatitles" (Charles T. Dillingham). It contains much valuable information and a good deal of mattor, relating often to forgotten or second-rate men which is of no special interest to the public. Extracts from unimportant letters are also given at unnecessary length. These are blemishes in what is in other r

spects an interesting book.

Mr. George M. Towie's "Young People's History of England" (Lee & Shepard, Boston) is a successful effort to interest and instruct the class of readers for whom it is intended. Its style is simple, and its method clear and direct. Following the lead of Greene and other moders writers of history, the author at intervals interrupts the course of the narrative to describe, under the head of ly impartial, whether treating religious or political sub jects, and has abstalued from intruding his own judg-ments or opinions upon the reader. This ought to prove

One of the brightest novels issued since the beginning of the year is Sidney Luska's "Mrs Peixhada" (Cussell & Co.). It possesses the great merits of thoroughly interesting the reader. A young lawyer, engaged in discovering the whereabouts of a woman, over whose head an indictment for murder is hanging, unexpectedly meets her, falls deeply in love, and marries her. As she bears an assumed name he knows nothing of her au-tocedents, and she is equally ignorant of the business upon which he is engaged. In unwinding this entangle ment and bringing his narrative to a happy close, the author has shown consummate skill. Few readers will care to put the volume down before finishing it. Mr. Luska writes with case, his legal talk never wearies and he incidental criticisms on music or literature in

urrish," by the Hon. Emily Lawless (Harper's Handy Series), a novel of Irish life and the production of an Irish woman, is a work of unquestionable power, whether we consider the descriptions of natural soenery, the studies of Irish character, or the steady development of a most tragic plot. The Irish peasant of to day, with his virtues and his failings and his haired of the Englishman, has never been more skilfully deline-ated. The language he employs is nomistakably genuine. and recalls to the rewler the quaint speech which Gerald Griffin puts into the mouths of his characters. In all the qualities that combine to make a book racy of the soil "Hurrish" must take a high place. It is one of the best Irish novels of the day.

The most recent issue of the Story of the Nations series.

now in course of publication by Geo. P. Putnam's Sons, is "The Story of Chaides," by Zenaids A. Ragozin. The author has availed himself of all the material on the subject at bis command and his clear and well-dispated parrative is largely founded on the works of Rawlinson, Layard, and George Smith, from which he has also borrowed most of his illustrations. All that is known of Chaldes, its history, people, religion, and antiquities is stated with brevity and exactness, and the book, as was the author's purpose, may be considered an introduction to the study f ancient history. This series of stories of the nation will comprise about twenty volumes, prepared by wellknown writers. They are produced in excellent style

THE PRESIDENT'S DESK.

Many Subjects that Bemand Mr. Cleveland's Attention-His Autograph.

From the Washington Post. The President's deak in the early morning presents a queer sight. When the Chief Executive lays aside his Havana to go to work, there are upon the table all sorts of things. Papers of every description, pertaining to almost every known subject under the aun are there, and the writing on the envelopes is a study. People resort to every means to reach the President's ear and eye, and present their claims after their own style. "Personal" is slways written on letters addressed to the President, but nearly all of his mail is gone through by Col. Lamont and the under-secretaries, and the really personal or important letters sifed out and laid on the President's desk and these are legion. His desk is always neatly arranged in the morning, but it presents a sorry appearance when the day's work is done. The President receives a good many papers from callers during the day, and these he lays on his table. He is a quick worker, and in an hour generally ha everything in order, and a majority of the cases eithe perform is appeasing the autograph craze. Doorkeepe

Loffler generally has a dozen or so autograph album lying on his table. When the President comes to his office in the morning Loffler takes in his little load, and if the President appears to be in a good humor he lays them on the table, and the President, with a length an some remark about the crace, writes his signature near

Graver Cleveland, Feb. 27, 188d.

When the books have all been signed Luffler take them to his desk and keeps them until they are cabled for. The Fresident sometimes veries the way of writ-ing his autograph, occasionally following the date by "Executive Mansion" or "White House." but never putting "President" before or after his name. A grea many of the autograph books are left by senators members, and other high officials, but almost every called has a book in which they want the President's signs ture. If all these were sent in the labor would keep th President busy for twenty five hours in the day, but Mr. Louller has a way of keeping the people off. The Presi-dent never refuses to sixu his name in the books, as not nore than a haif dozen at a time are taken in to him and these only about three days in a week.

Some ladies interested in one of the charitable institu-tions of this city called on the Frerident a month or so ago and requested that he donate his signature to be voted for at a fair to be given for the bun-fit of the institartis." which forms the second part of a collection of carols for Christinas and Kaster. The music is by the stopped, and opening a drawer pulsed out his check book, slided its for a suscential amount, and signing lit come of the ledies with the remark, "I Dr. George H. Bobb's "Text Book of Mygiene" (Thomas guess that amograph will do more good." PORMS WORTH READING. The Land of Booms

Due east of the sun and due west of the moon in a region of lights and of glooms. In a place full of sound and of silence, lies the faint, far Land of Booms, Where is stalled the great stud of dark horses which Ambition heedfully grooms.

There talk-geysers spout on forever, and the word-pump never tires, There himself in the glass of the future the atatesman coyly admires.
While Mount Evarts threatens the plains of speech with singgish, volcanie fires.

All day and all night are heard there the making and breaking of slates, And the buzzing of bees in the bonnets of professional candidates, And the neigh of dark horses waiting in the stalls of the mighty Fates.

There wise men feed on the husks of hope and drink of the juice of corn.

And are juiled with lies that reach their souls through the cheating gate of horn. Till they feel that the nomination's theirs as sure as they are born.

There statesmen are breathlessly running who never can reach the goal; There the Mugwump is made perpetually to shin up a well-greased pole; And the thunders of the biggest bolts more soft than biercles roll.

Like the lightnings of midnight the eyes there of Black Jack fitfully gleam; There, awful and white and majestic, by the vorge of the dire talk-stream The top of the Edmunds hill shines out like a

snow peak seen in a dream. There Allison, Sherman, and Prisble Hoar pin their ears to the cold, cold ground. And wait for the sound of the people calling, but no man hears that sound. For in wild reverborance "Hooray for Blaine!" rings ever flercely around.

Oh, pity, pity for them who wait for a vision that never looms: Oh, pity, pity for them who dwell in the faint, far Land of Booms, For the great Sait River skirts it, and its marge

is white with tombs! Ballade of the Unattainable.

From Books and Bookmen.
The books I cannot hope to buy.
Their plantoms round me waits and wheelThey pass before the dreaming eye.
Ere steep the dreaming eye can seal.
A kind of literary raci.
They dauce; but fair the bindings shine.
Trose can or left them what I feel—
The books that never can be mine!

There frisk editions rare and shy, Morocou clad from need to heel;
Shakeapenian quartor; comedy
As first she fisched from Richard Steele;
And quarts De Fee on Mrs. Veal
And, lord of tanding net and time,
Old Lank with his fishing creel—
The books that never can be inine!

Incumbles! for you I sich.
Black inter, at thy founts I kneel;
Old tales of Perrau I's nursery.
For you I'd ro authout a neel!
For you I'd ro authout a neel!
For books wherein did Aldus deal
And ray Gallot du P'e I plue.
The walence of the hught reveal
The books that never can be mine!

ENVOY. Prince, hear a hopsiese hard's appeal; Reverse the rules of Mine and Thine; Maxe it legitimate to sical The books that never can be mine!

An April Idyl.

From the Southern Blyouac. From the Southern Bisonac.

Come, dear Desire, and walk with me,
We'll gather aweets and rob the beet.

Come, leave the dimess of your room,
We'll watch how, since the morning rain,
The spider sittest at her feom.

To wanve her siken with again.

I know a field where there thow.

Like front from fineers of the night,
And by a hidden runnel grow.

The frait spring beauties, blush and white,

She leaves the room and walks with ma Where dance the leaders arriv: Reyond the lane and over the grass. And down the shaded copie we pass. What sweeter biss beneath the san Than through the wonded ways to go with her whose heart is almost wou, And let the fulness overflow!

And let the fumess overhow!

Her voice is ringing, clear, and bliths.
I mark her motions free a of liths;
Sometimes the briest that lift, her dress
Baven; the ankie's gracefulness.
The flowers on which she will not tread.
Pay homage with each nodding head,
As thours the Lary May, their quest,
Wate lightly pacing o'er the green.
The binebird in my sunt gives heed.
This wood thrush warnless me goodspood,
And every brid in every tree.
That preps at her and peers at me.
Sings load encouragement and long.
And bids us welcome in his song.

Kind stones, I thank you for your stace I bless each wet and marsiny place. Low pile of logs and fallen feares. Low yet wain a recompense. With prostrate tree and marted vine. Each bar that gives occasion awast To hold her shaple have it mine. And teach her while face is place her feet.

See, my Desire, the mosay nook Where grows the citik ansanone, I'll kindly lift you der the brook, And, 'neath the drooping dogwood tree, We'll sit and watch the in ting hirds And put their wooing into words.

O downcast eyes! O tender glow!
O little hand that trembles so!
O throbling heart and fluttering breast!
O timed passion, harf confest!
We hear, and scarcely know we hear,
The redord whistle hold and clear: neath the blooming dogwood bough e moments pass, we know not how, I day is on her burning pyre d I have won my heart's Desire.

DARSER DANDRIDGE The Ballad of a Barber.

From the Barbers' Gasette. Oh, I sing an ancient bailed
Of a knight of high degree;
His spear was like a bartier's pole,
And just like a harber he.
From undern tensors differing.
Though before to the shears and hone,
He trimmed entestees of hears, and eke
Trimmed the inside of his own.

He was a wondrous bather man, of dourage unique and rare, And something of a cook, for he was on full aid orresing hair. Some on the winds, ye harbers hold! Though people despise your trada, It matters not where it begins. It matters not where it begins.

He may have talked, but he could think,
As at the chroniciers say.
And twenty millions of spindles
Attest the result to lay
will countries homes are in comfort.
Because be could think and shave.
And the world is lowing, debtor.
To this barber man so brave.

Dame Fortune, kind, will range hard,
If men will but choose their times;
For hones work his tomest worth.
Though it has to shave for dimes.
Now, with this I end my baland,
There's nothing in strop or shears
To keep the brace from mounting where
The name of Arkwright appears.

WILLIAM LYLE. A Reverte Hudely Broken. From the Hartford Dally Times. Saiden in a haumnock swings. Where the sim its anadow flings; Everhead the robin sings. And the honey bees are humming

Dreaming is the maiden fair of a vouth with princely air. Handsome, rich, and debouair. Who to claim her hand is coming. Building castles fair is she, swinging in a reverie. White the robin merrily Trills his tuneful lay above her. Now has come the welding day; She is decked in fine array. And to courch she takes her way. With her rich and princely lover.

But a voice the stillness breaks; All, the discord that it maxes! And the maiden fair awakes From her reverse deligious. 'Tis her pa. Her dreams take wing. Hear him. "Hannah, leave that swing. Come right in, you last thing. And help your mother wash the dishes!"

The Peaceful Life.

From the Sailors' Magazine The working life is the life of peace.
The words of the wise are go den;
And down the line of three hundred years
Comes the truth of these words grown olden. Not the days that are passed soud sours and flowers In dreamy, inactive icasire. But the days instance strong with the stress of toil Are those of the trucet picasure.

The eyes that look straight toward God and heaven, Nor turn from the path of duty. Are the eyes that see, in this changeful world, The sights of the truest beauty. Who lives for earth and for self alone

While he who lives but for God and right Finds sensething race day to ballow. He who is bound by the yeke of love. _And regains his freedom never. Bas his perfect liberty here on earth, And he shall be free forever. O, life is short, and its skies sometimes are darkened with care and sorrow. But the loval bearied, the brace of soul list sive year a glad 10 merrow.

Then ist us patiently bear the cross.
Our service and love conference.
For the life of labor and faith and love
Is the only life of blessing.
Manageme Farmers.

ARISTOCRACT IN ENGLAND.

[Copyright, 1886, by Adam Sedent.] NO. XXIV.

in the course of nature, becomes the head of

the German empire, the reign of the iron

statesman will be at an end. But her scentre

will be continental and imperial. She hardly

belongs to the present category of Euglish

Princessos of England. The daughters of the Queen have hardly made a profound impression on the English nation. The eleverest of them was long ago transferred to a still higher station than that she held at home. The Princess Royal, now th Princess Importal of Gormany, is undoubtedly a person of intellectual capacity and decide character, destined probably to exert a wider influence than any woman of English birth in the present century. She has been able, it is said, to hold her own against Bismarck himself, and many predict that when her bushand

princesses at all. The other ladies of the immediate royal family of England are noted principally for their domestic qualities and for a very moderate artistic talent. The Princess Louise married peneath her station, and made a bust of the Queen. The Princess Alice, the late Grand Duchess of Hesse, was a good mother, looked after the wardrobes of her children, wrote some sentimental letters, but was in no way more important than the wife of any other obscure German potentate. The Princess Christian, born Helena, remains almost immured with her family at Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Park, or some other of the royal alsodes lant to her by the Queen. She has been little seen at court or in society of late years. and her name is hardly mentioned, except by her immediate circle, which is small. Princess Beatrice remained unmarried until last year. She determined not to imitate the Princess Louise, whose example in accepting a mate not fledged in a royal nest did not en courage emulation. The younger sister is said to have declared at the time: "I suppose when I am to be married they will send for a man from Howell & James"-the great

nobody seems pleased but the Queen. All these ladies lead very dull and humdrum lives. They are too high to find equals in society; they must be surrounded with a certain degree of state and ceremony; they have their people in waiting; everybody courtesies or kotows to them. But this is the extent of their grandeur. Their incomes are not to be compared with the revenues of the nobility; their iewels and tollets are inferior to the trappings of many of the ladies who wait on them; they have no great estates, or mansions even, but must put up with spartments in some half-deserted palace; and the spectacle they present of impoverished royaity is pitiable rather than dignified. The nation grudges them their allowance and threatens not to support their children. The demand for a downy is fought by the Radicals at each successive marriage, and the more obscure they remain the better the chance of their portion being paid. The English, perhaps, are still willing to be taxed for the state of the severoign and of the hoir to the throne, but not for the support of the royal relatives, whose existence is a burden to the nation and can never be a benefit.

Nevertheless, the princesses are harmless, modest, and respectable, as princesses go—duli in intellect and heavy in manner; but they set no bad example, they greate no scandal, they live moral lives. The Princess Louise has society; they must be surrounded with a cer-

haberdashers of London. But instead they

took Henry of Battenberg, a choice with which

in intellect and heavy in manner; but they set no bud example, they create no scandal, they live moral lives. The Princess Louise has been more about the world than the others, has more individuality of character, and is far the most attractive in person and behavior. Her marriage with the Marquis of Lorne was an anomaly, and people are still wondering whether it was a success.

On the whole, the fate of these ladies, born in a palsee but not to positive for

On the whole, the fate of these ladies, born in a palace, but not to paiatial fortunes, is far from enviable. None of them possesses natural gifts or attractions sufficient to compensate for the lack of weath and influence, or to errament their places or confer a personal distinction. None will make names or careers like those of the famous princesses of history. They stand in the light of the throne, but have none of its juster. They are set up on a pinnacie without qualities or even circumstances to attract the admiration which their position demands, and without which royal rank, especially for a woman, is only an exposure and a mockery. Conspicuous without charms, prominent without power, lefty without importance, they pay the penalty of greatness and nardly receive the prize.

Fortunately, they seem not over-sensitive. The Cobourgs never are. They probably take the goods the gode provide without hankering after the choicer gifts that are without hankering after the choicer gifts that are without. The very well to be royal, to be bowed to and to have a calces to live in. They will one day join the need of royalties whose names are forgetten when they leave this world almost as quickly and as completely as these of their humbler sisters who live and die without ever entering a palace door.

a pulace door.

Of the Queen's daughters-in-law, two were

Of the Queen's daughters-in-law, two were German princesses, one of a family called royal by courtesy, but whose name is hardly known outside of the Almanach de Gotha. The Duchesse of Albany, born Helena de Waideck, made a great match when she was called up from the humbies walks of royal life to be consort of a prince of Engiand. She became a widow within two years, but remains in seclusion in the country that provides her an income and a home. The Duchess of Connaught is a far-off cousin of the German Emperor, a relationship cousin of the therman Emperor, a relationship that admits her to the circle where the sons of sovereigns have look for wives. She is like the hancy nation that has no history, orthe modest when when hance is not often in ments when a wind whose name is not often in ments when a wind whose name is not often in ments when a wind has no history, orther hance and fortunate in the domestic happiness which oven princesses may attain.

There are other princesses of England besides the daughters and daughters-in-law of the soversign. The Duchess of Tock, horn Princess Mary of Cambridge, granddaughter of George IV. is of as high lineage as Har Mangott, at one time there were only two lives between her and the throne. She is unfortunately married and unfortunate in appearance and dignity that make many say she would have looked a queen better than the woarn of the crown. She has indeed, a mere royal bearing and a floor charm of manner than any momber of the Queen's immediate family. Married to the paper son of a morganatic wife of a German duck, her portion from Parliament is £5.000 a year, a sum which she finds insufficient for the domands of her station. The Queen's induced to come for the great when the she was a sum which she finds of His Socone Highness, her hemi-dennissem royal nusband. Her bricess was deservedly norman, the most sum of the sons of the paper so of a morganization of His Socone Highness, her hemi-dennissem royal nusband. Her brices was married in her little parish felt very sore about Her Majasty's meanings, for the Princess was deservedly normals. He was a part of the paper of the marry mones of this countries a paper of th

SUMETHING TO DO.

The Cry of the Rich as Well as of the Poor

LONDON, March 18 .- Something to do! This is the constant pitifu! clamor of the day. Not the ery of the poor unemployed, to whom it means bread, but the prayer of the wealthy, to whom it means amusement; a strangely inconsistent prayer, with that equally ubiquitous ismentation of having no time to do it in. Something to do! Anything! Be it ever so wearying or so insipid, so costly or so deleterious, so out of harmony with our habits, teachings, and surroundings, provided it be new-we hardly dare say original. Nothing ever retains this exquisite charm of novelty long with us, albeit we prize it above all, owing to our national faculty of exaggerating everything and of working our hobby to death.

We have languished in Burne Jones interiors, robed in Rossetti garments; we have darkened our gloomy London drawing rooms, dwarfed and diamond-paned our windows, taken the upholstery from our chairs, feasted our melancholy eyes on every shade of green, and made ourselves limp and miserable till we found that our greengrocer's wife at Hammersmith and our housemaid's mother at Camberwell did the same in their two-pair front; so now we don glowing multi-colored brocades, and our houses are from basement to attle enamelled in spotless white. We have tried the dual costume and walked the Scotch moors thus attired till we met "Arry and his young woman," an irritating duplicate of ourselves.

We have, every one of us, young and old, defaced wooden shoes, rolling pins, flour tube, butter pans, coarse crockery and delicate china, mirrors, window panes, tables, milking stools, door panels, and cornfces with painted semblances till a clean, fresh square foot of any surface is a rare treat and repose to our vision. We have been so intensely musical that every hour out of at least twenty has been made sonerous with the sounds of flute, violin. pinno, concertina, vocalion, or worse, the human voice. We now pine for silence. We have changed the hour of our five o'clock tea, and made it Spanish wines and macaroons at four. Our "at homes," instituted for intercourse and

changed the hour of our five o'clock tea, and made it Spanish wines and macaroons at four. Our "at homes," instituted for intercourse and conversation, have become a one-sided entertainment, where the majority listen to the one who performs—the only one entertained.

We have taken to our bosoms flaguratively, and literally to our lunchen tables, every individual, male or female, who has any consection ever so remote with the footlights, doubly so if also associated with a sotto voce scandal; and the present era of our whilom Furitan British society has won the distinction of being called the acrobatic age. We place in evidence on our Chippendale table the gaudity bound verbatim translations of "La Curée" and "Sappho" for our visitors to see and discuss, for our girls to dip into when they have quite linished reading in the daily papers the Crawford trial and the revelations of the Modern Babylon. If we bitsh, it is at the memory of those benighted times when a yellow paper-covered French novel was put under look and key, and disowned, even if the author was good, simple, deem t Emile Souvestre. We take our daughters to "Faust." and applied with them the long, unvarnished, plain-snoken tale of seduction; and we introduce the most risque of French slang words in our daily converse. It is true that we utter a sharp robuse when before us a foreigner inadvertently says "Mon Dieu!" Still we want something to do.

We think we have found it. We have without transition become muscular, athletic, energetic, and unfeminine. Away with the easel, the photographic camera, the music stool, the photographic camera, the music stool, the photographic camera, the music stool, the photographic camera for his given and unfeminine, a long ride on the off hunting days, this foils, the puglist with his gloves. We must don the close-fitting jersey, and put on our naster an hour or so with these intelligent in structors, and then we are what we call fit." We are groomed down, get into our habits, and services and one for the services wi

allments of the rising generation to the excessive indulgence in that game. But exercise is something to do, and we have not yet heard of our Hammersmith and Camberwell rivals and initators attempting it.

Busides this, various little arts and practices are resorted to in order to gaivanize the duiness of society, which, a few years ago, were condemned as vulgar, notwithstanding they had once enjoyed a passing popularity. Young men who can juggle and are good at sleight of hand are at a premium; we do not despair of seeing sabros and lurning tow swallowed in the best circles; singing and recitations are the best circles; singing and recitations are voted stale, save when strictly of the music ball order; and the adepts in palmistry, obtromancy, necromancy, and the block art are much sought after at our hebiomadary gatherings. Many have availed themselves, with more or less right of the opening thus offered, and the limits between the amateur and professional are slightly blurred; in fact, many begin at the former who end at the latter.

The "grand dame" in England is also of fragal mind, and knows quite well how to est circles; singing and recitations ar

the limits between the amateur and professionalare slightly blurred; in fact, many begin at the former who end at the latter.

The "grand dame" in England is also of frugal mind, and knows quite well how to abjure her supercitious excutsiveness when her interest is at stake. She does not consider it deregatory to her dignity to volunteer at limeity of the constitution of the confidences. It can get those women to come and play, sing, recite or tell fortunes at my Thursdays for nothing, instead of paying five guineas as Lady. Kandos for exactly the same performance." Rank in London does not exclude laudable if petty economies; hence many of the inexplicable discrepancies between lofty arrogance and exclusiveness on the one hand, with singular laxity on the other. The tasts for occult manifestations, once satisfied by spirit rapoing, planchette, and ghostly manifestations, andwered to by ghost stories which are creating a furor, is after all only a revival. Forty years ago, in 1846, at the ultra refined literary receptions of Lady Blessington, a young French girl, introduced by a friend of the hostoss, laid the foundation of her future reputation in fortune telling. It was Mile. Le Normand, the modern pythoness. Lady Blessington, who had been informed by her Parisian correspondent of the miraculous gifts of her protogic, determined to try her before she could have become acquainted with any of the persons present, or even ascertained their names. Three men were successively brought to her. To the first after examining his hand she said: "Your life will be a happy and successful one; you will die old, without pain; but on one occasion you and one of your children will miraculously excape destruction." To the second: "It seems almost incredible, but I would say to you, in the words of Shakespeare. Thou wint be king hereafter." Yes, sir; you will relga." After gainer strength and the paying, she informed his hand, so in the protogic death."

These three men were Charles Dickens, who, in 1864, returning from the regu

Justice for Some Naval Cadete.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: A measure before Congress that incrits the favorable consideration of that body is Senate hill 371, for the repeal of the retro of that body is senate bill 371, for the repeal of the ratroactive features of a rider to the Naval Appropriation
bill of Aug. 6 1882, intro-unced by Secon Robeson.

The oil promoses the reinstalement in the navalegrvice of homocardy discharged grainates of the langestates Naval Arademy who were in the may hefore the
passace of the aut referred to. The volum grathemen to
be affected by this still entered the service of the towering the inducement that after the successful compresent that are gracified in after the successful compresent dirty also a gracies of all they would be cominteriorated officers to be were in all they would be cominteriorated officers to be were in all they would be cominteriorate and officers the west of the surface of the
interiorate and oil not intring calcie the act we had a afready universe the academy, it was only to affect these
via calcied with a flux indirectantion as to what ther
failure status we to be. The two cases are exactly siming and we can see to reson why a discriminate
should be made for former of the initiary cadets.

At the each of Gongress is that justice as meted out is
the west Folinters by meted out to us.

ADAM BADRAU.